

Between a Fork and a Warm Place

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Between a Fork and a Warm Place

by [Sparcina](#)

Summary

When Will is sent home to recover from a nasty case, Hannibal just can't pass on the opportunity.

Hannibal

The sun was setting, the reddening sky a vaster reflection of the bloodied lungs he'd just acquired.

Will didn't answer his phone. Again. Under normal circumstances – if such a thing could be found to exist – Hannibal would have thought nothing of it.

Worry. He had seen that in a lot of faces, tasted it in many fleshs, but was experiencing it for the first time.

Fear was more familiar - on others, at least. Will smelled often like fear. Like prey. As Hannibal dropped the minced onions in the pan bubbling with avocado oil, he closed his eyes. He could remember with a sharp clarity the perfume of fear on Will. It made him think about sweet cherries bursting in his mouth and rain in summer, about the exquisite ease of the knife slashing through fresh meat during the eerie hours of the morning. He liked that smell, he decided, and began to chop the Brussels sprouts.

Will's fear sweat was definitively better than that cheap cologne he kept on using. It was as obvious to him as the difference between kidneys cut off a living person and the one sold by those offensive Asians – who didn't know how to handle human meat – on the black market. Someday, he was going to invite himself over to cook him dinner and get rid of the thing. He wouldn't go to Will just to throw the cologne away, off course.

He wasn't rude.

After adding the Brussels sprouts to the golden onions, he began to work on the quality pair of lungs. He missed meat pastries.

Will

The sun was setting, aggravating his nauseous headache.

Will turned onto his side. The phone rang, causing him to curse and pull the blanket over his head. It couldn't be Jack. Not this time, not after the last case. The devil had given him two weeks off and sworn on Bella's life that he wouldn't call him, whatever happened, including his own death. He had looked serious, and Will had chosen to believe him.

So not Jack. Alana, perhaps? He knew she worried about him, and he was in a good position to understand that feeling – worry. Twisted with fear, it was the normal beat of his heart, on good days and bad days alike. He wished it would go away, but then, how should he feel when he entered the mind of a new psychopath killer? Joy wouldn't do, certainly.

He also wished he could stop thinkIng about the *next case*, a habit that Jack had kindly shared with him when he had pulled him away from his lecture class.

If it wasn't Jack or Alana – and it couldn't be a salesman, since his phone number wasn't available to anyone outside the FBI – it didn't lave a lot of choices.

Hannibal Lecter. His unofficial psychiatrist.

He felt hungry just thinking the name.

With his three-thousand-dollar-apiece suits of red, grey and dark shades, like some twisted death chromatic pattern, the Doctor – Hannibal, he corrected in his mind, remembering the pain it caused the man to have him use his title – seemed to excel at everything. He cooked better than the best chef in Baltimore, danced better than the national leading man in tango, spoke more languages than Will could keep track of, and – most amazingly and importantly – could pry open the mind of anyone and fix it. Unless...

As the phone finally stopped ringing, Will wondered if he held the Doctor – Hannibal, he corrected himself – accountable for his recent breakdown. Sure, the madman who had opened him up to put eggs of deadly snakes in his stomach was bad enough, but the police had found him in time, before the snakes had time to hatch.

The other nine girls weren't so lucky. When they were found, their eye sockets were empty, and several other body parts were missing.

Could the killer be the drunken man who'd tried to stab him in the same week? In all cases, Jack had ordered him to rest, and Will would happily oblige if rest was something he could get while sleeping.

Will didn't sleep – he had nightmares, and in the last few days, they all played out in the same location: Hannibal's kitchen.

Maybe he did have a good reason not to answer the phone.

Hannibal

He took his shower early the next day, intent to get through his appointments expeditiously. Last night, as he had lain awake in his king bed – he didn't need a lot of sleep and appreciated the interesting conclusions he could come to at night – he had decided that today was the time to visit Will. He was... curious about the way he was coping with the two attacks he'd gone through in less than one week.

He was also curious to smell him.

Curious to see his latest scar. If the offensive serpentine killer hadn't been shot in the head by Will's saviors unit, he would have killed him himself. The flesh of the rude made especially tasty *vols-au-vent*.

While eating the lung pastries last night, he had pondered about his lack of satisfaction with the meal. Every ingredient was added according to the recipe – his own, off course, modified several times to improve the taste of the delicate bronchioles – and the wine, a special Transylvanian red he had ordered six months ago, was designed but for the most delicate palate – and only complimented red meat.

Was he unsatisfied because Will hadn't shared his meal? He pondered about that while gently stroking his balls with his bergamot orange soap from France.

His middle finger brushed his cock. He stirred, heat building up in his loins.

Hannibal gasped, forgetting the soap in his hand and the hot water on his back.

Will...

He mused on the four letters, or rather the seven.

"William."

The name rolled off his tongue, thick, sweet, inviting. He could feel his cock fill out in response.

It wasn't often that Hannibal experienced surprise. Once, a woman whom he chased for her pancreas had nipped him on the cheek, drawing blood. He hadn't expected resistance from someone whose ribcage was already open.

"Will... iam." He began to stroke himself, enjoying the feeling of this rough hands against the sensitive skin of his cock, but stopped almost instantly.

His mind was filled with pictures of Will naked on his table, offering him a knife to plunge through his own heart.

Will

He took his shower early the next day, unable to bear his sweaty skin anymore. Hunger was twisting his stomach, thirst was making him dizzy, but he had his priorities in order – whilst it might not be the right one.

Sighting, Will shampooed his sweaty hair with soap. He wondered what Hannibal would say about this cheap and expeditious cleaning habit – he would most probably laugh at him, and God, was he handsome when he laughed. He could also politely disapprove and offer an alternative – like he kept doing about his Cologne.

The soap dropped on the tiles. The concept of shower itself deserted his electrified mind. Did he just think Hannibal was handsome?

He felt his cheeks redden, and bellow his navel, his cock twitched.

"Fuck... Not again."

He knew the Doctor – Hannibal... or maybe if he called him the Doctor, he could distance himself enough? – didn't leave him indifferent. Even though the man couldn't fix his monstrous broken mind, couldn't cure his ability to embrace killing in a heartbeat, he was the perfect friend – always available to talk to, offering to cook for him more often than not...

And everything he cooked was delicious, as if he knew exactly how humans' insides reacted to outside flavors. Practicing surgery in another life, he probably knew about everything there was to know on the subject.

And his fingers. The paintbrushes of an artist... Will leaned into the dirty shower wall and reached between his thighs. His own fingers were soft, clumsy, but soon he found a slow rhythm that soothed him.

With his free hand, slightly trembling at the proximity of Hannibal in his mind, he touched the scar on his stomach, which stood red and ugly below one nipple, zigzagging all the way down to his hip. He wished someone else could have done it for him. With those fingers...

Thinking about Hannibal's fingers did it.

"Ha..."

He came hard all over his wrist. At the moment his knees bucked, he heard the doorbell ring. He tried to steady himself.

With a curse, he went out the shower and put a washed-out bluish towel around his hips. His hair was dripping wet on the black tiles as he exited the bathroom, mumbling some general threat. The doorbell rang a third time.

"What the fuck do you-"

He stopped dead in his tracks.

Hannibal stood before him, heart-wrenching handsome with his dark grey suit and his sensuous smile. He had some casserole dish in his hands that smelled heavenly.

"Good evening, Will. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

Like hell.

"I wanted to make sure you ate something," he added, not moving further.

Will wanted to dig himself a grave and disappear. He may not be the most observant person regarding normal – handsome – human expressions, but he noted Hannibal's gaze on his naked torso.

"No, no, it's ok, I was just going to... Just get in already," he said rather abruptly, but his unexpected visitor didn't take offense.

In less than a minute, Will had a grey shirt and a pair of black trousers on and was setting the table for two, the knives on the right of the plates.

Hannibal

He certainly didn't expect such a nice offering as the door opened.

He was a man proud of his control, and like many times before and yet to come, no muscle moved in his face as he took in the half-naked man, hair dripping wet, standing in front of him with nothing more than a tempting towel hanging at his hips.

His outer cool appearance didn't mean he wasn't turned on. He was. For a split second, he considered pushing Will against a wall and sucking on the indecent scar adorning his stomach.

But dinner would be cold by then. Reining in his urges, Hannibal inclined his head and entered as Will hurried back to dress, probably in this bedroom of him that smelled foul. Hannibal settled the food on the table and waited – thinking about throwing the cologne away, throwing Will on the bed and throwing a fit because he hated to feel obsessive about something, or someone. In the past, when he'd felt that way, he'd simply opened the person up and consumed them, kidneys, lungs and heart, before going back to his life.

But Will was his friend. He couldn't eat Will... could he? If he was to savor Will's organs, which he already knew would taste wonderful and sweet, like his fear, the two would be bound in a way that would sate his hunger.

But what about his other hunger? What about savoring Will's... orgasm? He looked at his host when he laid down knives beside the plates, clearly agitated.

"I'm sorry to turn up at such a late hour," he said, sensing it was the right thing to say to a friend. "I was... thinking about you."

The look Will gave him was priceless. He decided to sit down before his arousal showed.

"I prepared you a *Poulet royal aux canneberges* with sautéed greens. Eat, please. You look like you're starving."

Will didn't need to be told twice. Hannibal took his fork and knife and tasted a first bite of human liver, not tearing his gaze off Will. The man was eating with an enthusiasm that made his mouth water. He ate another piece of meat, imagining Will's skin breaking under his teeth.

Will

He certainly didn't expect such a nice offering. As he began to eat ravenously, he felt Hannibal's gaze on him. He played oblivious and gulped down the perfectly cooked meat and the greens. He didn't leave a morsel on his plate.

"I'm glad I could please you."

Their eyes met, and Will forgot to swallow.

Hannibal's look was steamy – no, it was downright sultry. Will shivered. Did Hannibal even know how he was looking at him right now? He felt naked and uneasy.

The fact that he was also tempted to throw himself at Hannibal, tearing down the expensive clothes the man felt like wearing every damn minute of the day, didn't help him control

himself. He pushed his plate away.

“You certainly please me, Doc... Hannibal.”

When he said that, he thought about the serpentine killer and the drunken man who’d both tried to kill him. Maybe Hannibal was trying to kill him too, with the sole strength of desire. He suddenly regretted his company.

“I have the feeling you are angry at me, Will,” Hannibal said softly. May I inquire why?”

Will thought about it for a moment, grunting unintelligible imprecations.

He could try to explain the intoxicating effect his presence – his mere existence – had on him. It was recent, but it certainly was relevant.

He could also pretend that everything was all right – that he wasn’t crazed with split consciousness as far as Jack Crawford was concerned, anyway. He was just “letting this job go his head.” And getting opened up in the process. How did the military called that again? War casualties.

Fuck Jack. He looked at Hannibal, biting his lips.

Fuck Hannibal too. He so didn’t want to think about the other man’s hands on his hips whilst in this shaky state.

Hannibal

He wanted to be understanding – human – but Will eating his *Poulet royal aux canneberges* – or rather a rude salesman’s hip with juicy cranberries of the day – was an enticing tableau, making it hard to wear his person suit. He wanted to draw every curve, every shade and every light, until his eyes felt like they couldn’t hold any more pigments, until his hands ached to touch the flesh on the other side of the picture. Then, and only then, would he allow himself to taste.

He had to be careful with Will. His prey – his friend, he rectified – was playing with words tonight, and the words he played with, the double-entendre he created, were more dangerous than knives.

I’m glad I could please you.

In spite of his extraordinary empathy, Will had yet to understand Hannibal’s core hunger, and his behavior at the table – not exactly rude, but provoking, this cheeky humor he was disguising his anger into – weren’t manners he wanted to use right now. Not in the state of mind Hannibal was in.

He looked at Will, waiting for his answer. His fork still lay on the side of his plate, the greens untouched, the meat barely eaten.

Would Will’s flesh taste better before or after he ate the salesman’s hip? Hannibal tensed, suddenly unsure he had made the right decision.

He might have had better use of real chicken, tonight.

Will didn't look like he was thinking about his question anymore. His eyes widened suddenly, lightened with something akin to fear. Hannibal didn't know what the other man had seen in his face – might it be his tongue licking his lower lip in anticipation, or the unmistakable hunger bleeding his maroon pupils – but Will had seen something.

And his fear, lively, tangible, Hannibal could feel it just like Will felt it, could appreciate its sweet texture on his tongue. He leaned forward, relinquishing his careful self-control for the shortest moment.

“You make me feel nervous.”

Will's words broke the silence. Hannibal leaned further, until both of his hands covered Will's own. The other man didn't move – he couldn't.

Hannibal relished the notes of hunger coating Will's fear. Torn between two very different desires, he caressed the trembling hands under his, slowly, adoringly, carefully coaxing the fear in the direction he wanted it.

Desire sparked in Will's eyes, veiling them. Hannibal felt a smile tug at the corner of his mouth.

“I only want to make you feel better, Will.”

It was truth and lie intertwined, and Hannibal laughed.

Will

He wanted to be understanding – human – but Hannibal was making him nervous, damn it. His gorgeous hands on him felt like ember, he felt trapped and couldn't escape, all the while absolutely certain that if he didn't move soon, such heat would burn him to the ground, leaving only a squealing pile of ashes.

Any resentment he might have held for Jack faded away, until the only thing left was Hannibal's face, illuminated by blood-shot eyes. They were burning holes in him, burning, burning... Oh God.

A bead of sweat ran down his cheek, exactly where a tear may have fallen. He would have raised his hand to wipe it away, but Hannibal held his hands.

Hannibal had much more than his hands, he realized.

He focused on his body for a moment: his skin was pulsating with fast-pouring blood, the veins sinuously lifting to feel the caressing fingers; his heart was pumping too fast, sending the blood in fast spurts in every direction at once, but mainly in his hands and in his groin; his lips felt dry; his throat, drier. He couldn't think straight anymore, lulled to sleep and awoken at the same time by the small movements Hannibal kept making with his fingers.

Said fingers closed on his wrists. Will had a moment to understand, really understand – or so he thought – what was happening. He remembered being impatient with Hannibal, cursing him.

Right this moment, *fuck Hannibal* had a brand new ring to it.

He didn't struggle when the other man got around the table, never leaving his skin untouched, or his gaze alone. He didn't try to stop him when he straddled his hips, didn't try to resist when his lips closed around the painfully delirious aorta in his neck. He let him kiss his heated skin, his anger irremediably morphing into hunger.

Some part of him warned him he was being manipulated – but some other part told him he had let himself be manipulated. His relationship with Hannibal wasn't one of equals – it was one in which they fed and let themselves be fed upon. It was a fragile balance of power, and tonight, this balance was tilting in one precise direction.

Hannibal bit down on his neck, so hard Will had to gasp and try to break free of his embrace. The other man tightened his grip.

“Hanni...”

A hungry mouth closed on his. His pain forgotten, Will moaned and succumbed to it – Hannibal's tongue plunging into his mouth, Hannibal's hands roaming on his back and torso, Hannibal's cock rubbing against his own.

They were both hard by the time Will noticed the blood trickling down his chest. He shuddered, sobbed, and moaned. His wrists ended up in Hannibal's right hand, forcing their two bodies to align perfectly.

He wanted to melt into this embrace and for this night never to end, whatever the cost. This was the truth, nothing else but the truth.

Hannibal and Will

They ended up doing it on the kitchen table.

By the time Hannibal was tearing at his grey shirt, Will was breathing so hard he couldn't hear anything else. His heart felt like a rabbit trapped in front of car lights, and Hannibal's hands on his hips were those lights, making him slate for a death by hyperventilation – or would that be hyperexcitation?

He couldn't use his own hands and didn't really care, until Hannibal's teeth grazed his collarbone. He struggled to get free – not to escape, but to touch, he so wanted to touch, so much!

Hannibal didn't feel it this way. Groaning like the predator and hunter he knew he had become, he pushed Will farther on the table, flattening his hands on his stomach. He sank his fingertips hard into the other man's soft skin, torn between the desire to eat him and fuck him.

Will's trousers were in the way of accomplishment. Hannibal tore them down, making sure they would be useless – they were far too cheap to suit the delicate flesh under them, just like this awful cologne didn't enhance Will's natural perfume.

“Hanni...”

He crushed Will's lips before he could say his full name. He liked the idea of something unfinished... Probably because he feared, for the very first time, that he couldn't stop in time. He knew his eyes weren't maroon anymore, but dark red, almost black. They always did on the killing edge.

Will was aroused – a lot – and was willing – very much so – to let Hannibal wear the dominant suit tonight, but the sheer violence he felt coming off in waves from the other man made breathing hard. He wasn't used to have blood splattered on his body – or drunk, he *did* notice Hannibal's tongue lapping at the red spots on his skin –, and while he didn't feel afraid or disgusted by it, he foresaw something darker looming in the near future.

The moment he asked himself if it meant what he thought it meant – that he had just been granted access to his friend's mind – he felt himself tense, unsure if pain or pleasure should prevail.

Hannibal had a finger inside him. The way he moved it made him decide for pleasure.

“Is it the first time... that... you... oh!”

“I'm very careful, William,” said Hannibal, not really answering his question.

But the fear inside Will registered this answer and grew louder in Will's mind.

Time was of the essence.

Hannibal rose up and in one fluid motion, pushed fully into him, hitting the magic spot he knew he would find

Will saw stars and groaned lustfully, shamelessly, thrown outside his own body from pleasure. It was so good, so long since he had had intercourse – and it was *Hannibal* – that it took less than one minute for him to reach the point where he would–

The pain in his neck was overwhelming.

“Hannibal!”

It was a raucous scream of pain, pain and fear. Will tried to push the other man away, but he was not as strong as him, and the pain grew stronger, uglier, louder...

“Hannibal, please!”

And just like that, Hannibal stepped back, freeing him of every hold he had on him. Will put both of his hands on the wound of his neck. He knew it was bleeding. He felt flesh missing. He grew cold, looking up at Hannibal...

Hannibal smiled, showing red on his teeth. Will began to shake, shivering with a heartbreaking mixture of desire, fear and understanding.

This man. The Doctor. Hannibal. He was...

The word couldn't quite form in his mind. Will saw Hannibal's smile widen, acknowledging his discovery.

He wasn't the craziest person in the room. He wasn't. Somehow, Will didn't feel like rejoicing.

Hannibal began to move. Will cried and screamed at the same time, the name of the other man a plea torn from his throat. He really didn't need to see the wound on his neck to know he absolutely didn't want Hannibal to go down on his knees and-

Oh God!

"Please don't-"

Hannibal didn't answer immediately, focused on the task at hand – or rather at mouth.

Head thrown back, hands fisted in Hannibal's silky hair, Will gasped loudly. Hannibal relaxed his jaw, wanting to feel as much of Will as possible. He had never felt so alive before, not even when he had taken his first human cheeks or killed his sister's killers. He was so excited, *alive*, that his self control was on the verge of snapping.

It had to break. He had barely time to speak.

"Please forgive me, Will-"

"What? Wait! No-"

Before Will could do anything, Hannibal bit down, hard, and took a mouthful of flesh.

Then he went back to suck on Will's tasty cock. The other man looked like he might faint, but he didn't fight Hannibal, just put a hand on his inner thigh, where bloody flesh testified of a cannibal's otherworldly restraint.

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